The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1800.

Particulars of the Abdication of the Throne of Poland by Staniſlaus.

ON St. Catherine's day, Repnin went to the king, and laid before him ſeveral papers that had been ſent from Peterſburgh, as the act of his abdication, a reſignation of his pretenſions to the crown, &c. which Staniſlaus ſigned in the morning, and which Repnin immediately made public throughout the city. The king of Poland afterwards, at dinner, introduced his former miſtreſs, Gradbowka, declared that ſhe had been married to him ſeven years, and legitimatizing all the children he had by her, made over to them the remainder of his fortune; then burſting into tears, his uſual relief in miſery, he diſmiſſed his faithful ſervants. There was in the evening a ball, at which Repnin, aggravating his ſhame, preſented himſelf the dethroned king to the company.—Such was the end of Staniſlaus reign. Let us now caſt our eyes upon the martyrs of Poliſh liberty. At Minſter on the day when the new governor made his entrance, the priſoners of war were aſſembled, and the empreſs's edict, ordering them to be diſperſed into the Ruſſian regiments, was read to them.

One of the Poles as ſoon as he heard the edict, advanced from the ranks, and, addreſſing himſelf to general Crouchef, declaimed with the greateſt energy againſt the want of faith, and the tyranny of his ſovereign; in the midſt of his ſpeech the general approached him to make him feel the weight of his cane: that wonderful ſtimulus, that makes the Ruſſians march and the Germans move; but the free man indignant of being treated like a ſlave, drew a dagger from his pocket, killed the general, and wounded a major that ran to the general's aſſiſtance, and then ſtabbing himſelf, ſaid to the Ruſſians that ſurrounded him—"Tell the Czarina, before whom you only crawl and cringe, that Poland ſtill contains republicans."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE OF LEWIS XI.

THIS tyrant was as whimſical as arbitrary. The abbe de Baynes, a man of great wit, having invented many things relating to muſical inſtruments, was introduced to Lewis, and retained by him in his ſervice. One day the king, imagining the thing to be abſolutely impoſſible, commanded the abbe to procure him harmonious ſounds from the cries of hogs. The abbe, like a true courtier, did not ſeem ſurpriſed at the propoſal; but ſaid the matter was feaſible, if a great deal of money was advanced to enable him to perform it. The king ordered the money demanded to be immediately paid him, and deſired the abbe to ſet about it without delay: he did ſo, and effected the moſt ſurpriſing concert ever heard. He got together a number of hogs of different ages, and placed them in a tent or pavilion covered with velvet, before which was placed a wooden painted table, repreſenting the front of a large organ. He then contrived an inſtrument behind it, with a certain number of ſtops, ſo artfully made that, when he touched the keys belonging to the ſtops, they anſwered to ſo many ſpikes, which pricked the hogs, who ſtood tied up behind within the tent in due order, made them produce ſuch "a concert of ſweet ſounds" that the king was extremely delighted, and liberally rewarded the inventor of this ſingular piece of muſic.

The following was politely communicated to the Editor by a friend, and from the subject and language, deserves a place in any publication.

THE COMPLAINT OF YARICO.

FROM this sad place where sorrow ever reigns,
And hopeless wretches groan beneath their chains;
Where stern oppression lifts its iron hand,
And restless cruelty usurps command;
To soothe her soul, and ease her aching heart,
Permit a wretch her suff'rings to impart.
To *Inkle* she complains, to him who taught
Her hand in language to express her thought.
Her dying farewell from her pen receive,
And to her wrongs one tear of pity give.
Fain would I learn from whence your hate arose,
The cruel cause and source of all my woes:
O tell me why am I so wretched made;
For what unwilling crime am I betray'd:
Is it because I lov'd? unjust reward—
That love preserv'd you from the death you fear'd:
If 'twas a crime, alas! I'm guilty still,
And must love on, though your unkindness kill.
No change of fortune, nor your cruel hate,
Shall curb my passion, or its warmth abate.
False as you are, how dare you trust anew
The winds and seas, as treacherous as you.
Think of the Gods you serve, if Gods they are,
For crimes like these their punishments forbear;
If injur'd innocence their care be made,
Though I forgive, their certain vengeance dread;
What if your bark, by adverse tempests toss't,
And on some barb'rous shore like mine be lost;
Think that you see yourself and you pursu'd
By savage people greedy for your blood;
Who then would snatch you from your pale despair,
You'd find no *Yarico* to shield you there;
How would you wish you never had betray'd,
Or sold for trifling gain a wretched maid.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 34*]

Such were the outlines of his character. Captain Grey, on entering the fair, immediately went to that part where the horses were exhibiting, and soon recognizing a filly, which had formerly belonged to an English officer, quickly settled the purchase-money. He had come to fair alone, and was looking about for some farmer of his neighbourhood, which was but six miles distant, to recommend him a boy to take his new purchase home, when a violent uproar in the midst of the fair suddenly claimed his attention. Like a true Englishman, he flew at once to the spot, and the sounds of "a pickpocket, a pickpocket—duck him, duck him," left him not long to doubt the occasion of the assembly, and their present intentions. As they dragged a meagre lad towards the pond which led the way Captain Grey came, he soon found himself close to the principals; but so many were ambitious of being chiefs in the punishment, and scuffling each to seize on the victim, who, little as he was, fought his best to get away, that they threw him down just before the Captain. The boy looked up, and seeing a face where humanity always shone, cried in the most piteous accents—"Indeed indeed, Sir, I am innocent."—"Whose pocket? who saw him?" said the Captain, struck with his sudden appeal.—"I saw him," answered a fellow in ruffles; "damme I suppose you are one of them." This latter part of the speech was intended as a closer to all enquiries. The Captain's blood mounted in his cheeks; he looked around him for some one to clear him from the imputation, regardless of the accuser, and at the instant caught the eye of a wellknown farmer of his acquaintance—"You, Farmer Thomson," cried he in his loudest tone, "you know me well; and you—" turning round to the other, when instantly changing his note, "seize that fellow, seize him, and search him; I remember his face." The mob, who almost all knew farmer Thomson, instantly obeyed, and emptied the accuser's pockets; when five handkerchiefs of different sorts, two silver watches and a purse were produced, and the greater part soon claimed by the company. In the mean time the boy had raised himself on his legs; and as this was the only pretended witness to his crime, was no longer assaulted by the company; all their rage was turned towards the ruffled gentleman, who the Captain recognized as being drummed out of his regiment for thieving and cheating. This fellow made one of a party that kept an E. O. table in the fair, but as that was in no vogue till towards the evening, and not chusing to be idle he amused himself with any petty thefts that came in his way. Great success had attended his undertakings, when in the act of removing a pocket book, he found it was discovered: with sudden presence of mind he instantly dropped the book, and as readily swore to the party, that he had caught a poor ragged looking boy in the fact who unluckily was standing by, and but for the inteference of Captain Grey, had innocently suffered. Now the tables were turning fast; the mob quickly hurried the villain to the pond, nor dared any of his party, who silently followed, say a word in his favour. He was completely

flucked, and then horſewhipped out of the fair. The Captain, having ſaved the innocent, no longer troubled himſelf about the guilty, but going up to the farmer, whom he had before hailed, aſked him if he knew any one to take the care of his new horſe. "If your honour will let me lead him, I'll go to the world's end for ye," ſaid a voice, which he found to be the boy which he had juſt reſcued, and whoſe little heart, overflowed with gratitude, kept him by the ſide of his benefactor."—"Why, where do you live?" ſaid the Captain.—"At Pilford, Sir," replied the lad: naming a place ten miles off, and directly contrary to the Captain's reſidence.—"Ah that won't do; it's not my way."—

"I'm a poor fatherleſs boy, Sir, and got ne'er a friend in the world, Sir, but you: I don't care where I go,"

"No, my houſe is too far from your village: but here is a ſhilling for you."

"Thank you, Sir, again and again, Sir; but where is the houſe Sir?"

The Captain ſmiled;—the poor boy, who could not ſuppoſe ſuch a gift was given him for nothing, he was unwilling again to ſay nay to. "I did not give it you," ſaid he, "to take the horſe for me; but can you ride?" Oh, yes, Sir, I ride all farmer Sulky's horſes to water."

"What, is he your maſter;"

"No Sir, I've no maſter; I do it for the carter."

"Why, how came you to the fair?"

"The farmer gave me threepence to drive his pigs; and ſometimes I keep birds for two pence a day, Sir."

"Well then you ſhall take my horſe home; you can't be worſe off, my boy." As the Captain made this determination, it had ſtruck him that ſuch a lad might be of ſervice in the garden, and about the grounds, and help an old ſervant that he intended to leave in his houſe till his return from the army.

Captain Grey's eſtabliſhment was but ſmall; a woman about fifty, who had lived in the family from a child, was the only female, and eaſily and willingly took upon herſelf the various duties of houſekeeper, cook, and ſo forth; nor had ſhe ever found the toil too great. The Captain's ſituation had not permitted him to be much at home, therefore Mrs. Mary (the name by which ſhe was known to the neighbourhood) had employed her leiſure time in making all the linen that was uſed in the houſe, in pickling, preſerving, Potting, with the innumerable *et ceteras* which a good houſewife eaſily underſtands, and as eaſily performs. The next in Captains Grey's domeſtic liſt was the gardener, the major-domo and commander in chief out of doors—an old grey headed ruſtic, Abraham Wilkins by name, deeply verſed in all the learning of the country, more particularly in divinity, aſtronomy (blended with a little aſtrology,) law, politics, and phyſic. In the firſt he was conſidered by all the pariſh as a match for the Curate himſelf; in the ſecond and its appearances, he ſtood without a rival, and gave forth the ſtarry law to the amazement of his hearers; in the game law, ofttimes had a neighbouring 'Squire been known to abide by his opinion, and even conſult him on precedents and deeds of yore: in politics he had confuted and dumbfounded the exciſeman; while his phyſical knowledge had excluded each apothecary from the place. The laſt of the family was Dick, a military valet, a wild reſtleſs young fellow; he had at an early age been forced into the army, and had ſeen more ſervice, had encountered more difficulties, dangers, and dilemmas than many profeſſed veterans of twice his ſtanding. Particular circumſtances had attached him to Captain Grey, whoſe mild and benevolent manners alone aſſuaged his violent and unſettled frame; but as there will be occaſion to introduce him in the ſubſequent part of this hiſtory, I wave any further deſcription of him. As this laſt mentioned ſervant was to accompany his maſter to the regiment, and the old gardener, advanced in years, became daily more and more feeble, the Captain had concluded that the poor boy, kept at a little expence, might aſſiſt Abraham in his abſence. Immediately then the new purchaſe was delivered to his care; but Captain Grey meeting with ſome farmer's daughters of his acquaintance, and as the old ſaying was always true with him—

That when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.

So it fared with him at preſent, who, what with viewing the wild beaſts, and the ſhows, and purchaſing of fairings, delayed his return till the evening. It was half paſt ſeven before they ſet off. The new ſervant on the charger felt, for the firſt time in his life, a ſeeming conſequence; and the Captain, as he turned round his head to ſee how his attendant came on, could not help remarking to himſelf, in ſpite of the meagre look and tattered garb of the youth, that he was as comely a looking boy as he had ever beheld. The new horſe had neither ſaddle nor bridle, which induced Captain Grey to ride very ſlow; and by the time he turned from the public road to the croſs one a little more than a mile to his houſe, it began to grow duſky. On each ſide of a narrow lane, the full leaved trees overhanging, almoſt touched at top, and ſtill increaſed the gloom. As he moved gently along, was about half way down the lane, he heard a loud whiſtle from behind; the horſe he rode at the ſame inſtant ſtarted, and directly two men leaped from the hedge, and ſeized the bridle; a third running down the lane, joined them, and with their piſtols

at his head, and repeated oaths, demanded his money. The Captain did not demur, but produced his purſe, which, on account of his purchaſe, was not of much value. His watch they ſeized upon next, and ſtill ſeemed unwilling to let him depart, which Captain Grey requiring, one of them exclaimed, "Yes, damme, when I have blown out your brains; you'll duck pick pockets, will'e! damme I know you now," and inſtantly ſtruck him on the head with the but end of the piſtol:—the Captain fell from his horſe; the animal frigtened, inſtantly galloped away. The boy who had been panic-ſtruck at the commencement of the buſineſs, found all his blood return; and the appearance of his patron extended on the ground, the loſs of the only friend he had ever experienced, drove away every idea of perſonal danger. With upliſted ſtaff he urged his horſe forward:—But whither am I haſtening? the occurrences of the evening ſurely deſerve a chapter to themſelves.

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] 52

HISTORY OF PAULINE DE RIVIERES.

[A FACT.]

BY a youth of toil, of activity, of danger, De Rivieres, a French officer, had obtained an honorable old age, and a moderate competence of the gifts of fortune. With the exulting reflection of having deſerved the gratitude of his country by the blood he had ſhed in its defence, he retired to a diſtant province, to prepare his mind for that moment in which he ſhould be required to ſet out on his journey to a *bourne whence no traveller returns*. The ſolace of declining years he ſought in the dutiful endearments of an only daughter; and he found them. Pauline De Rivieres would be allowed by every one, but an antiquary, to poſſeſs a form equally perfect with that of the *Venus* of *Cleomenes*, and a face infinitely more pleaſing, by a ſuperior expreſſion of ſweetneſs and ſenſibility. Pauline had a heart feelingly alive to every tender emotion, and entirely devoted to her father. She watched his every look,—prevented his every wiſh,—and ſecluded herſelf from the world, in order that ſhe might not neglect any one of the duties a child owes to the author of its exiſtence. The bleſſings, the affection of a father, amply recompenſed her for this attention; and De Rivieres often exclaimed with rapture, that the ſun of his life would ſet calm, peaceful and ſerene.

The autumn of the fourth year of their retirement, and the completion of a ſeventeenth year of Pauline's life, had now arrived, and the father reſolved to celebrate the event with a rural fete.—Dancing formed a part of the joyous entertainment! and Pauline, was ſelected by the count De B— as a partner for the evening. The count's remarks on the exquiſite grace with which ſhe acquitted herſelf in the dance were, from the lips of a man of faſhion, very flattering to the fond father; and Pauline herſelf was not without certain ſenſations, as agreeable as they were novel. From this period an acquaintance commenced between the family of De Rivieres and the count, perpetually forming parties of pleaſure to entertain them. With all the openneſs, the generoſity of a ſoldier, De Rivieres, imputed this conduct to civility; and conſequently admitted the count to intimacy and friendſhip.

The count was not blind to the favourable impreſſions he had made: he ſaw that the father eſteemed him; and from the delicate confuſion, which his ſudden appearance always ſpread over the lovely cheek of Pauline, he drew a very fair inference, that he had created in her breaſt a ſentiment in its nature more tender than that of friendſhip.

The utmoſt freedom of intercourſe ſubſiſted now between De Rivieres and the count, who, in an excurſion to the borders of a beautiful lake, threw out in the moſt delicate manner a ſuppoſition of the confined circumſtances of the former. De Rivieres, incapable of any reſerve with a friend, gave a very candid account of his fortune, declaring in concluſion, that, though his circumſtances were not affluent, they afforded the means of eaſy and comfortable ſubſiſtence. An air of thoughtfulneſs was diffuſed over the count's features during the remainder of the walk. He did not for ſome days afterwards, viſit the habitation of De Rivieres, who was at a loſs to find a reaſon for his abſence. Pauline too had *her* fears; but theſe ſhe kept within the ſilent ſolitude of her own boſom.

At length the count baniſhed the apprehenſions of their family by his preſence. His countenance no longer wore a penſive or melancholy air: it beamed with pleaſure and ſatisfaction.—The cauſe he diſcloſed in an evening walk with De Rivieres. "It had afforded him," he declared, "infinite uneaſineſs to find that a man, who had ſerved "his country with honour, ſhould be ſo ſcantily rewarded. "In looking forward to futurity, he had alſo beheld how "inadequate the fortune he could leave his daughter "would be to her ſupport."—This was touching on the tendereſt ſtring. A father's ſorrow betrayed itſelf in ſtrong emotions, and ſhewed that the idea had never ſtruck him ſo forcibly before. The count continued his diſcourſe.—"Under the impreſſion of the ſuggeſtions he had ſtated he had taken the liberty to make uſe of his intereſt at Paris, which he had every reaſon to believe would be of the higheſt advantage to him, if he ſhould honor him with the acceptance of it."—De Rivieres was overwhelmned with

gratitude at the propofal; he comprehended all the benefits which might refult to Pauline; and he therefore did not hefitate a moment in accepting it. The count appeared delighted with his ready acquiefcence, and an early day was fixed for the departure of De Rivieres for the metropolis.

Pauline was foon made acquainted with the plan; and however diftreffing the feparation from her father might be, fhe could not but feel the moft grateful fentiments for the count. How little could the innocence of the daughter, or the generous foul of the parent fufpect, that the darkeft defigns of villainy lurked under the angel form of a benefactor!

The day for the departure of De Rivieres at length arrived. Pauline melted with affliction; nor was the heart of the old foldier free from the moft forrowful emotions. He embraced his daughter, and bleffed her.—Then leading to the count, "Generous friend," he exclaimed, "I commit to your charge, during my abfence, a treafure infinitely dearer to me than life. A father has nothing, fave his God, more facred than his child. Count! may I have no reafon to repent the confidence I repofe in you!" —The count received Pauline with the warmeft affurances of protection; and De Rivieres, after one more tender embrace of his daughter, and an expreffive fqueeze of her new guardian's hand, tore himfelf away.

[*To be continued.*]

ARIOSTO AND TASSO.

Of Arioſto and Taſſo, I concieve the firſt to diſplay an original, an extravagant, but a delightful genius, the other a regular, claſſical, and beautiful taſte. One would have expected that Arioſto would have been the favorite of the people, and Taſſo of the critics. I am aſſured by a native, that in Venice it is very common to hear the gondoliers, and others, ſing paſſages which are generally taken from Taſſo, and rarely from Arioſto. A different fate I imagined would have attended the poet, who has been diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of '*The Divine.*'—I have been told, by an Italian man of letters, that this circumſtance ariſes from the relation which Taſſo's poem bears to Turkiſh affairs; as many of the common people have paſſed into Turkey, either thro' accident, or wars. Beſides that the long antipathy exiſting beween the Venetians and the Turks, gives additional force to the patriotic poetry of Taſſo.

The Academia della Cruſca gave a public preference to Arioſto. This, as was natural to ſuppoſe, irritated certain critics, and none more than Chaplain, who could *taſte* the regularity of Taſſo, but not *feel* the 'brave diſorder' of Arioſto. He could not approve of thoſe writers,

"*Who ſnatch a Grace beyond the reach of Art.*"

On this occaſion he writes to a friend, 'I thank you for the ſonnet which your indignation dictated, at the Academy's preference of Arioſto to Taſſo. This judgement is overthrown by the confeſſions of many of the *Cruſcanti*, my aſſociates. It would be tedious to enter into its diſcuſſion; but it was paſſion and not equity that prompted that deciſion. We confeſs that, as to what concerns invention and purity of language, Arioſto has eminently the advantage over Taſſo; but majeſty, pomp, numbers, and ſtyle truly ſublime, united to a regular deſign, raiſe the latter ſo much above the other, that no compariſon can fairly exiſt.

What Chaplain ſays is perhaps juſt; though I did not know that Arioſto's language was purer then Taſſo's. The opinion of this critic, however, would not be more regarded here than it was by the Academy. Arioſto is the *Shakeſpeare* of Italy; Taſſo may be ſaid to be the *Gray*. Shakeſpeare delights all, though he muſt occaſionally offend a correct taſte: Gray can only be reliſhed by a ſelect few, who are admitted to the ſecret counſels of the Muſes.

It is an odd conceit of an Italian, who has given the name of *April* to *Arioſto*, becauſe he is the ſeaſon of *flowers*; and that of *September* to *Taſſo*, which is that of *fruits*. How uncandid and ridiculous is it to form compariſons between ſublime geniuſes, while each has a diſtinct character! Let us then cull our flowers, and feaſt on our fruits without idle ſpeculations.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

IN the third number and 20th page of your Magazine, you have inſerted a *compoſition*, which, if all circumſtances reſpecting it were explained, the public would be convinced that the writer, who is alſo the favored hero, has been guilty of wilful miſrepreſentation, and a flagrant breach of promiſe; I call it a *compoſition*, becauſe it is a mixture of *truth* and *falſhood*, of *fact* and *imagination*—I ſhall not however tire the patience of your Readers by any lengthy comments on that ingenious eſſay, although it was written by a young man who looks forward with anxious hope to the time when he ſhall fill the office of Vice-Preſident of the United States, an office which his admiring relations have fondly promiſed as a ſmall reward for his extraordinary merit, It may however be neceſſary to inform the public, that Juvenis in his ſtatement has omitted the letter which he wrote when he ſays he acted as a

clerk for his Grandfather, and which was the ground of the quarrel; a letter which ought to shame even the unblushing Juvenis: he has also strangely omitted a very material, a very important paragraph of one of his own letters, and quite forgot to mention that at the end of the quarrel a reconciliation took place sanctioned by the shaking of hands; and a mutual promise to forget all past differences and become friends: the letter above alluded to will be shown to any person who may wish to see them, and some circumstances explained which will satisfy every candid mind that a malicious misrepresentation has been made of the whole business, and that the conduct of Juvenis reflects very little honour on either his head or his heart.

B.

LITTLE BOOKS.

A learned ingenious writer has given us his opinion of the advantages of Little Books, and with so much wit and humor, that I cannot omit transcribing the passage:

"The smallness of the size of a book was always its own commendation; as, on the contrary, the largeness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of learning. In short, a big book is a scare crow to the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller, as well as a harbour of ignorance; hence the inaccessable mysteries of the inexpungable ignorance and superstition of the ancient heathens, degenerate Jews, and of the popish schoolsters and canonists entrenched under the frightful bulk of huge, vast, and innumerabl volmes; such as the great folio that the Jewish rabbins fancied in a dream was given by the angel Raziel to his papil Adam, containing all the celestial sciences. And the volumes writ by Zoroaster, intituled The Similitude, which is said to have taken up no more space than 5,260 hides of cattle; as also the 25,000, or, as some say, 36,000 volumes, besides 525 lesser MSS. of his. The grossness and multitude of Aristotle and Varro's books were both prejudices to the authors, and an hindrance to learning, and an occasion of the greatest part of them being lost. The largeness of Plutarch's treatise is a great cause of his being neglected; while Longinus and Epictetus, in their pamphlet Remains, are every one's companions. Origen's 6 000 volumes (Epiphanius will have it) were not the occasion of his venting more numerous errors, but also for the most part of their perdition ——Were it not for Euclid's Elements, Hypocrates's Aphorisms, Justinian's Institutes, and Littleton's Tenures, in small pamphlet volumes, young mathematicians, fresh water physicians, civilian novices, and *les apprentices en la loyd' Angleterre*, would be at a loss and stand, and total discouragement. One of the greatest advantages the *Dispensary* has over *King Arthur*, is its pamphlet size. So Boileau's Lutrin, and his other pamphlet poems, in respect of Perrault's and Chapelain's St. Paulin and la Pucelle. *These* seem to pay a deference to the reader's quick and great understanding; *those* to mistrust his capacity, and to confine his time as well as his intellect."

Baltimore.

NEWS.

BY an arrival at New-York, an account of the Death of the Russian general *Suwarrow* has come to hand; this renowned hero will never be forgotten, whilst the names of *Ismael* and *Prague* remain upon record—*Prince Charles* has resigned the command of the Austrian armies—nothing else of particular note had transpired.

At home we have nothing worthy relating—The different offices of state are to be removed to the city of Washington, where their establishment will be permanent.

NEW-THEATRE—BALTIMORE.

IN the last number of the Magazine, the opening of this source of instruction and amusement was announced; and *Reconciliation, the Wheel of Fortune, Hamlet, the Secrets, the Wild Goose Chace, False Shame, and Sighs*, have severally been performed with general approbation. It is not the intention here to criticise, but merely to make a few remarks on the different pieces.

"RECONCILIATION, *or the Birth Day.*"

THIS play, written by Baron Kotzbue, is more remarkable for the simplicity of its contexture than the intricacy of its plot; the story is plain yet well told: What it loses, however, in *scheme* it gains in *sentiment*; the audience appeared well pleased and entertained throughout the whole representation. The farce of "*The Lock and Key*" went off tolerably well.

"THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

AN old favorite of the public, was presented on the night following, when Cooper shone in Penruddock; as the play particularly rests on this character, if it is well done it covers a number of faults in the secondary performances; but on this occasion there was very little room for complaint on that score, for to do the *corps* in general justice they evince individually an ambition to excel, which,

well tempered, never fails of producing a good effect—"*The Wheel of Fortune*," needs no analizing here, as it has been so often played, and far oftener read. The after-piece of "*Fortune's Frolic, or the True Use of Riches*," poſſeſſes humor and was well received—but leaving this, it is neceſſary to haſten to

"HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

To thoſe who were preſent at the performance of this juſtly eſteemed tragedy, it muſt have afforded a peculiar pleaſure in witneſſing the ſuperior powers of Mr. Cooper, who (to borrow from Shakeſpear, ſo well ſuited "The action to the word and the word to the action," that he appeared more like the *real* than the *mock* Hamlet. Mrs. Merry in Ophelia, looked "the wild maniac." It is not meant here to be cenſorious, but Mrs. Francis did not ſeem the queen; yet ſhe ſurpaſſed expectation, as it is entirely out of her line of acting; ſhe is excellent in many parts. Mr. Wood in Horatio was not amiſs; and Mr. Cain, although there appeared "a falling off" from the *Laertes* of Moreton, acted his part with ſome eclat.

"THE SECRET"

Contains little of plot; much ſentiment, and a great deal of human nature, and by a happy contraſt of the depraved with the virtuous, exhibits to view the ſuperiority of the latter over the paltry ſubterfuges of the former; it is well calculated to impreſs on the mind the principles of virtuous integrity. Such performances cannot be too often repeated.

"The Adopted Child," for the excellence of its ſentiments, does credit to the heart of its author; and never was the nobleneſs of mind, ſo peculiar to the ſons of Neptune, pourtrayed in ſo favorable a light as on Tueſday night in the repreſentation of Michael by Mr. Cooper.

"WILD GOOSE CHASE."

Is a good play, but in the repreſentation of it here it was rather too much blanched. Mr. Warren performed the wooden-legged Molkus to perfection; and Mr. Cooper was not leſs conſpicuous in Baron Willinghoerſt.

"FALSE SHAME,"

Somehow or other, was not reliſhed by the audience generally; there are ſome ſcenes pretty intereſting, but on the whole it is not calculated to affect the mind in any degree of compariſon with ſome other productions of its author.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

THERE is now living in Virginia, an Ideot, who was never known to make any ſenſible obſervations, except that he could always tell when the moon changed. A Lawyer one day wiſhing to make a laugh for himſelf and company, aſked "when will the Sun change"—"*When Lawyers go to heaven*" replied the fool.

A Man and Child burnt to aſhes by Lightning.

IN the reign of king James, in the year 1613, on the 26th of June, in the pariſh of Chriſtchurch, Hampſhire, one John Mitchel, a carpenter, lying in bed with a young child by him, was himſelf and the child burnt to death with a ſudden lightning; no fire appeared outwardly upon them, and yet they lay burning for the ſpace of almoſt three days, till they were quite conſumed to aſhes.

"*Milton*" deſerves chaſtiſement for his impertinence—'tis a pity he ſhould waſte good paper, pen and ink with his nonſenſe. I would be obliged to him when he has a ſimilar communication to make, to do it perſonally—but the ſcowling eye avoids the glare of day.

From the croud of communications received, it is impoſſible in this number to give place to them all; yet in due time they ſhall be forth-coming.

"The *Cottager* No. 2," is received and will receive a place in the next.

For the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

A friend begs leave to inform the readers of your uſeful Magazine, that E. O.'s being at preſent indiſpoſed, and at a conſiderable diſtance from this city, utterly precludes the poſſibility of his immediately anſwering the nonſenſical bickerings of the blockhead L.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGY—on the Death of Miss S.— N.—

DARK o'er her couch the shades of sickness hover'd,
Whilst faint and slow her once quick pulses mov'd;
The tyrant death approaching was discover'd,
While sadly sighing sat the friends she lov'd.

Yes, on the bed of death my *Susan* lay.
Fair daughter of a much lov'd friend deceas'd,
Anxious I watch'd the worthy girl's decay,
And daily my anxieties increas'd.

With unremitting diligence was sought
A learn'd physician in the healing art,
Each well prov'd medicine with haste was brought,
Advice was sought, and help from ev'ry part.

But all was vain t'avert the threat'ning ill,
In vain with fate the feeble mortal strives,
In spite of duteous care and learned skill,
She yields to death, and soon is made a prize.

And art thou gone in all the bloom of youth?
Farewell awhile, we part to meet again,
On that blest shore where nothing dwells but truth,
And there in peace and glory ever reign.

Regretted *Susan*, now thy peace is made,
Too soon, alas! the debt of nature's paid,
Too soon the budding charms of youth decay—
Scarce are they blossom'd ere they fade away.

But sweet's the slumber of the virtuous breast,
Sweet is thy sleep and all thy cares at rest,
Thy happy soul has burst the bars of night,
And wing'd its passage to the realms of light.

Relentless death hath snatch'd away
A rose bud in its bloom,
And in the prime of life has sent
My *Susan* to the tomb.

A. R.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN.

PLEASE to insert the following, for the amusement of such of your readers as wish to be acquainted with the ceremonies of

The WITCHES' FROLIC.

THE moon with full orb had mounted on high,
And moon light had brighten'd the earth and the sky,
I had spun all my cuts and retir'd to my rest,
And *Johnny*'s dear image my fancy possest;
When *Sal*, like a shadow, came up to my bed,
A bridle she had, which she shook o'er my head;
The bit was of pewter, the reign was of hair,
She conjur'd me into a skittish young mare;
I started and jump'd, and I fought with good will,
She master'd and mounted me, tam'd by her skill;
Then out through a crack in the window we got,
She whip'd like a fury—I flew like a shot!
O'er hills, dales and vallies, and woodlands we past,
And stop'd at the door of a cottage at last.
But oh! what a company shocking was there,
Of witches and devils a crowd like a fair,
With music and feasting, all glad as could be,
And bowing to *Lucifer*, tall as a tree;
In silks they were clad too, so costly and rare,
The diamonds and rubies shone all in a glare;
For *Belzebub*, waving his magical wand,
Turn'd rags into jewels at word of command;
The wrinkled old witches young beauties were made,
All lovely and charming and proudly array'd:
Had *Venus* or *Juno* come down from the sky,
The sight they might view with an envious eye.
When all had assembled the table was spread,
And *Lucifer* seated in state at the head;
The rest in due order beneath him were plac'd,
With choicest of viands the table was grac'd.
When supper was finish'd the dances began,
And ev'ry foul sprite took a witch by the hand:
Old *Sisy* and *Lucifer* led up the dance,
And far they surpass'd all the masters of France;
With *Belzebub*, *Sal* next advanc'd in the hall,
They danc'd, and some thought 'em the first at the ball;
Then *Belial* and *Lucy* appear'd on the floor,
And footed it neatly, as you may be sure,
While *Moloch* and *Mammon*, and all the grandees,
Shone forth at this frolic as fine as you please.
The dance being done, and the dresses laid by,
Silks turn'd into rags in the wink of an eye.
But then to describe the sad doings were there
'Twere shocking and horrid to tell or to hear;
The wicked sad lessons of *Lucifer*'s school,
The thought of it causes my blood to run cool.
I sweating with fear was ty'd close to a trough,
And rubbing my bridle to slip and run off;
When the cock (that blest bird) gave the notice of day
The witches were frighten'd and scatter'd away;
Sal mounted in haste, like lightning we fled,
I slipt through the key hole again to my bed.—*Peg Martin*

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